At Newberry, S. C.

BY THOS. F. GRENEKER,

Editor and Proprietor.

Terms, \$2.00 per Annum, Invariably in Advance.

The paper is stopped at the expiration of time for which it is paid.

The M mark denotes expiration of sub

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry.

WATCHES AND JEWELRY

At the New Store on Hotel Lot. I have now or hand a large and elegant supply of

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, Silver and Plated Ware, VIOLIN AND GUITAR STRINGS. SPECTACLES AND SPECTACLE CASES, WEDDING AND BIRTHDAY PRESENTS.

IN ENDLESS VARIETY. All orders by mail promptly attended to. Watchmaking and Repairing Done Cheaply and with Dispatch. Call and examine my stock and prices. EDUARD SCHOLTZ.

Nov. 21, 47-tf. WILLIAM GLAZE.

I am receiving a full line of Fine Gold Jewelry. DIAMOND RINGS, PLAIN GOLD RINGS,

Sterling Silver Wedding Presents

NEW DESIGNS No. 3. Mollohon Row. I am Agent for the J. E. SPENCER & Jan. 1, 1879.

Diamond Pebble Glasses, all ages. Watch and all kind of Repairing and Engraving done in the Best Style. WIILIAM GLAZE, ORCHARD GRASS

COLUMBIA, S. C. Oct. 22, 43-2m.

Miscellaneous.

R. C. CHAPMAN & SON

Respectfully announce that they have on hand the largest and best variety of BU RIAL CASES ever brought to Newberry,

Fisk's Metalic Cases, Embalming Cases

Rosewood Cases.

Together with

COFFINS of their own Make.

Which are the best and cheapest in the Having a FINE HEARSE they are prepared to furnish Funerals in town or country in the most approved manner. Particular attention given to the up of graves when desired. Give us a call and ask our prices.

R. C. CHAPMAN & SON May 7, 1879.

HOP BITTERS (A Medicine, not a Drink,)

HOPS, BUCHU, MANDRAKE, DANDELION, AND THE PUREST AND BEST MEDICAL QUALITIES OF ALL OTHER BITTERS. THEY CURE

Kidneys, and Urinary Organs, Nervousness, Sleep \$1000 IN GOLD. will be paid for a case they will not cure or help, or for anything impure or injurious found in them. Ask your druggist for Hop Bitters and try then before you sleep. Take no other.

HOP COUGH CURE is the sweetest, safest and best. Ask Children. The Hop Pap for Stomach, Liver and Kidneys superior to all others. Ask Druggists. D. L. C. is an absolute and irresistible cure for Send for circular.

All above sold by dreggists. Hop Bitters Mfg. Co. Rochester, N. Y.

Fisk's Patent Metalic Burial Cases.



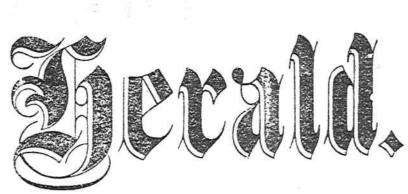
Also, Walnut and Rosewood Coffins and Caskets always on hand. Will personally superintend the preparation of graves, building of vaults, using in their construction best hydraulic cement, rendering them perfectly waterproof. All orders promptly attended to day or

Office in rear of Leavell & Speers' Marble

L. M. SPEERS. Apr. 23, 1879-17-tf.

at home made by the industrious. Capital not required; we will start you. Men, women, boys and girls make money faster at work for us than anything else. The work is light and pleasant, and such as appending to wight at Theorem. and such as anyone can go right at. Those who are wise who see this notice will send us their addresses at once and see for themselves. Costly Outfit and terms free. Now is the time. Those already at work are laying up large sum of money. Address TRUE CO., Augusta, Maine.

SEMBER 1



A Family Companion, Devoted to Literature, Miscellany, News, Agriculture, Markets, &c.

Vol. XV.

WEDNESDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 19, 1879.

No. 47.

Hardware and Cuttery.

PRICE COTION. The undersigned ask to call attention of

the Farmers and Mechanics to their new

STEEL PLOWS,

of all kinds, STEEL SHAPES, PLOW STOCKS

Of the "Avery Patent."

AXES, Of all grades and prices.

SPADES. SHOVELS, MANURE FORKS,

Picks, Grubbing Hoes, &c.

Also, a splendid lot of Carpenters' and Blacksmiths'

Tools, All laid in at prices that will meet the low

price of cotton. Call and see for yourselves, at the Hardware Store of

NEW CROP

RED CLOVER,

LUCERNE SEEDS.

COPPOCK & JOHNSON'S.

Aug. 27, 35-tf. AVERY'S PLOWS.

Avery's Walking Cultivator, four plows. Avery's Double-foot, iron, plow. Avery's " wood, plow Avery's Single, wood and iron, plow. Avery's Garden Plow. At prices that any farmer can buv. COPPOCK & JOHNSON. Apr. 30, 18-tf.

Miscellaneous.

SPOOL COTTON. ESTABLISHED 1812,



GEORGE A. CLARK, SOLE AGENT,

NEW YORK.

The distinctive features of this spool coton are that it is made from the very finest SEA ISLAND COTTON.

It is finished soft as the cotton from which is made; it has no waxing or artificial finish to deceive the eyes; it is the strongest, smoothest and most elastic sewing thread n the market: for machine sewing it has

no equal; it is wound on WHITE SPOOLS. The Black is the most perfect

JET BLACK

ever produced in spool cotton, being dyed by a system patented by ourselves. The colors are dyed by the NEW ANILINE PROCESS endering them so perfect and brilliant that

f sewing silks. A Gold Medal was awarded this spool cottou at Paris, 1878, for "great strength" and "general excellence" being the highest award given for spool cotton. We invite comparison and respectfully ask ladies to give it a fair trial and convince hemselves of its superiority over all others. To be had at wholesale and retail at

J. D. CASH'S July 16, 29-6m.

SOUTHERN RAISED CARDEN SEED.

Who will-help me sell them? I will pay the freight and send to any reliable party an assortment of my Garden and Field Seeds, and give 30 per cent. commission for selling and take back any part that may not be sold at the end of the season. Five cents per packet is too little, but as

large Northern houses put hem down from ideas of monopoly, no doult, I shall freely sell accordingly, and take my chances. have, however, two grand advantages: First, I sell to a population having decided preferences for Southern interprise and Southern men; and secondly, there is not a dear old woman in the South that does not know that Buncombe Cabbag : Seed are the best in the world. Females make first rate

agents.

I don't keep such a variety as to make a bewildering list, but the best of the usual Garden and Field varieties, and try to keep them fresh and sound, and sell them cheap. Send your orders early. Respectfully, J. W. VAND! VER,

Garden and Field Seed Producer, Weavervil e, N. C. Oct. 15, 1879-42-6t. TOBIAS DAWKINS,

FASHIONABLE BARBER NEWBERRY, S. C. SHOP NEXT DOOR NORTH of POST OFFICE. ess TRUE A clean shave, a neat cut, and polite at the seat herself, saying:

Poetry.

THE LIGHTKEEPER'S DAUGHTER.

Never a fairer maiden lived Than bonny, blue-eyed Alice; Her hair was like the daffodils, Her brow like lily's chalice, Within the lighthouse, from a babe She'd dwelt and known no sadness, But ev'ry night dreamed happy dreams, And woke each day to gladness. And closely crowding round her home, The spirits of the water, With many a shell and sea-plant rare And ocean-jewel sought her;

For brighter far than sun or star

They held the keeper's daughter !

But sailed a ship from foreign lands, And a handsome lover brought her; He came to see the lighthouse grim, And saw the keeper's daughter! The eve the wedding-day was set Her father's face was clouded, And e'en the light that burned on high Seemed half in darkness shrouded. And sad the wind moaned when the maid Of her old friends bethought her-And leaning upon the door, looked out Upon the moonlit water,

Anent the keeper's daughter. "Farewelli" she cried; "when night is gone I shall no longer tarry, But hie to town, at early morn, My own true love to marry;" And bending low, a kiss she threw-

Where whispers low went to and fro

"Good-by, my waves, forever," But ah! though passed the night away Her wedding day came never-For from the fiashing, silvered foam White arms reached up and caught her, And drew her down to dwell among The spirits of the water, They could not bear to part with her.

The keeper's blue-eyed daughter! -Madge Elliott in Baldwin's Monthly.

Selected Story.

JUDGING BY APPRARANCE.

'Here's a nice place, Mabel,' said the elder of the two ladies who had just entered the train. 'And we'll try to keep it undisturbed, too,' she added, proceeding to deposit their shawls, satchels, etc., upon the end of each seat while the ladies seated themselves fac-

ing each other. They were evidently mother and daughter, the mother large. portly and fine looking, the daughter a slender, bright-faced little thing, and just as evidently people of 'position,' marked by all the belongs of wealthy travelers.

Elegantly braided linen ulsters, over suits of black silk, stylish hate painty kid gauntlets, Russian leather satchels and shawl-straps were their distinguishing marks, beside that indescribable air which stamps its possessor as one used to good society.

'So very warm! Do reach my fan, Mabel!' said Mrs. Glennor. We have a terribly hot day for our ride !'

'But there is such a nice breeze, I think it will be lovely,' returned bright-eyed Mabel.

'Oh, you're always contented with everything. Dear me, I hope the carriages won't be crowded! 'They are almost that now, mam-

We have the only vacant seats. I believe.' 'And I mean to keep them, too,' announced Mrs. Glennor.

At that moment spoke a voice 'Is that seat engaged, madam?

Mrs. Glennor and Mabel both looked up to see a young lady en suit, with a brown veil covering her hat entirely, and shading been seen.' a plain, homely face. Her speech was that of a well- nor marched majestically up to

plain attire stamped her in Mrs. Glennor's eyes as 'common folks, not worth an effort to be polite.

She turned to the window and settled herself in her place without seeming to hear, but good-

natured Mabel spoke at once: 'Mine isn't. You are welcome

And, notwithstanding the decided frown on her lady mother's face, she tossed her 'traps' over on the pile already beside Mrs. Glennor, and smiled a reply to the young stranger's quiet 'Thank you,' as she sat down, holding the small satchel she carried in her 'It will tire you. There is plen-

ty of room over here with ours,' said Mabel, reaching out her hand toward the satchel. The young lady placed it upon

you.' 'Not at all,' returned Mabel.

But Mrs. Glennor, with a little accent of spite, addressed her daughter:

'Mabel, don't make yourself the light cart which had followed over-officious. I wonder how far the carriage. it is to Hamilton?'

'Don't the table tell you, mam-

'No. Only the larger stations are down. Well,' with a sigh and a glance at the intruder, 'at least we shall be able to select our own society there.' 'Mamma, don't!' pleaded Mabel

in a low tone, flushing at her mother's rudeness. 'I detest these trains, where ev-

ery rude person who chooses may intrude upon you,' went on Mrs. Glennor, coolly. ing where her mother would stop

once she was on the track, and she noted the flush which overspread the young stranger's face. She quietly changed the subject. 'Do you know Mr. Hamilton's family, mamma?' .

they were grown, that is. I saw them when they were little.' father I'm sure I shall like them.

The strange young lady smiled

Mrs. Glennor answered: 'I daresay they are. Birth and breeding always show, Mabel. I for one, could never mistake a person of wealth and culture for a common one.'

'Is there only one daughter?' asked Mabel.

'Only one at home, the youngest one, Henrietta; and one son, Richard. I consider it very fortunate that Hamilton invited us to make this visit, Mabel, Richard Hamilton will be very wealthy. and, if you play your cards well, who knows what you may do in the way of a settlement?"

'Now, mamma, if you begin to talk that way I do solemnly declare I will take the next train that passes us, back home and not go

Mrs. Glennor knew the girl was quite capable of keeping her word if she was pushed too far, so she said no more, but betook herself to the prospect in view from her The ride was a warm one, but

Mabel enjoyed it, and, in spite of her mamma's frowns, chatted with her seat-mate very sociably.

It was getting sundown when the train stopped at Hamilton, and several passengers descended, among them Mrs. Glennor and

There was a forlorn-looking station, with a dusty refreshment-bar in one corner of a room labeled, 'Ladies' Room.' There were two or three village idlers, with hands in their pockets, promenading up and down the platform, and that 'Why, what does this mean?'

fretted Mrs. Glennor. 'Mr. Hamilton wrote he would be certain to have the carriage to meet us.' 'Perhaps it will be here yet,

dressed in a plain, untrimmed lin- mamma,' said Mabel. 'Suppose you ask one of these men if it has 'I believe I will,' and Mrs. Glen-

bred person, but her exceedingly one of the men aforesaid and in 'Can you tell me whether Mr Hamilton's carriage has been at

> 'Yes'm-no'm-I don't knowthere it are a-comin' now,' was the slightly incoherent answer. Turning in the direction of his

the station to-day?'

extended finger she saw a band some carriage rolling rapidly up. 'It is just coming,' she announced to Mabel, whose eyes had already informed her of the fact. They waited upon the dreary platform until it drove up and the driver dismounted. Then he came up the steps and

addressed Mrs. Glennor, touching his hat respectfully. 'Ladies for Mr. Hamilton's mad-

'Yes. Come, Mabel.'

'Now we are ready,' declared Mrs. Glennor. But the coachman

take your baggage over. Will I

Mrs. Glennor gave him the tick

ets for their trunks, and the ready

coachman soon had them piled in

take your tickets?'

appeared to be looking for some 'Our young Miss Henrietta went up to town yesterday. We ex-

pected her back by this train. 'Here I am, Sam!' called a familiar voice from the door of the ladies' room; and the homely young lady in plain linen, who had shared Mabel's seat, came out of her retreat inside, and approached them

'My goodness!' was Mrs. Glennor's dismayed ejaculation, as she Mabel knew there was no tell- flushed up to the roots of her

extended hand.

'What! are you Henrietta Hamilton? I am so glad!

'And you are Miss Glennor! I am glad, too,' said the young lady, 'Not the children. Not since offering her hand most cordially. 'I would have made myself known in the train, but I am always so 'If they are like their noble old shy with strangers, and I was not sure who you were till now. your daughter already, and I am sure we shall have a delightful visit. Let us go now; Sam is

This prompt courtesy, so delicately ignoring her own rade behavior in the train, was a greater rebuke to Mrs. Glennor than any show of anger could have been. For once her ready tongue was

at a loss, and she only followed her young hostess to the carriage, silently and with flushed face. But Henrietta's kindly spirit soon put her at her ease, except

when she remembered her morti-

fying blunder. It was a wholesome lesson, however. And the next time Mrs. Glennor meets a lady in the train, whether she is robed like a queen or in plain linen, she will treat her as such, and never judge by appearance.

Miscellaneous.

ORIGIN OF SUNDAY. SCHOOLS.

I find in the July number of our excellent Sundy-School Magazine an article on "Modern Sunday schools," from our deservedly popular Book Editor. I was much interested in reading it. I have felt great interest in the subject of the origin and progress of modern Sunday schools. Some of your readers will be interested by the following facts connected with this question, taken from an article which appeared in The Magnolia, a periodical published at Savannah, Ga., November, 1841, signed W. B. S.:

"Robert Raikes was not the first to establish a Sunday school. The leading feature of that institution had been developed in various the subject. places years before the Gloucester editor proposed in his paper the adaptation of the plan to the moral wants of the poor children of England. It is interesting to go back beyond his day, and search out isolated individuals here and there who had conceived and exccuted the design, etc. The earliest instance I have found approaching our Sabbath school system occurs in the history of our own State (Georgia), under the labors of one of the primitive Methodists. Among those who accompanied General Oglethorpe on his second voyage to Georgia were the Rev. Messrs. John and Charles Wesley, Benjamin Ingham, and Mr. Charles Delamotte. Mr. Delamotte was not a clergyman, but had rethose who love most, a primary ceived a good education, and in passion in those who love least. connection with John Wesley es-He who is inspired by it in a high tablished a school of thirty or fordegree is inspired by honor in a ty children at Savannah, and the higher; it never reaches its plenfollowing account of their day and titude of growth and perfection Sunday instruction is extracted

from a letter of John Wesley's but in the most exalted minds.

'I was afraid it might trouble The spring cart is here already to don, who had sent a parochial library to Savannah: 'A young gentleman who came out with me teaches thirty or forty children to read, write, and cast accounts. Before school in the morning, and after school in the afternoon, he catechises the lowest class, and endeavors to fix something of what was said in their understanding, as well as their memories. In the children. On Saturday afternoon I do on Sunday, before the even-

ing service.' of a modern Sunday school. Thus a flood-tide of memories sweep over more than one hundred years ago my heart as I sit and watch the golden (now one hundred and thirty- glories of this gorgeous sunset make seven) the newly-settled town of lights on the hill tops and shadows in Savannah, then hardly known to the valley. Kenneth's church is in the rest of the colonies or the the valley, and except the little halo world, was blessed with a good which rests or " e spire, the church Sunday school, and a faithful Sun- like unto his y life, is wrapped in But Mabel sprung forward with | day school, teacher, the Rev. shadow. Brave, handsome Kenneth. John Wesley. .

an clergyman. In addition these two foreign efforts there was established even in England a Sunday school fourteen years before Robert Raikes gathered one in Gloucester. In the year 1769 a Sunday school was commenced by Miss Ball, at High Waycombe. In a memoir of Miss Hannah Ball, recently missed by John Parker Gent, and published by Mason, 14 City Road, London, it is farther stated that Miss Ball continued this school for many years, and also met the children every Monday to instruct them in the prin

ciples of Christianity. "The first Sunday schools in America after Mr. Raike's plan were formed in New York, 1816. The year after, one was established in Macon Street School house, in

Boston, the first in Massachusetts." From these facts we may justly conclude that John Wesley, the founder of Methodism was the founder of modern Sunday schools. and that the first modern Sunday school was in the South .- S. S.

A PUZZLING SITUATION .- There are situations in life which puzzle even the wisest of men. What for example, is the best and politest thing to reply when a person says "thank you?" To bow merely seems stiff and cold; to say 'you're welcome," provincial, "same to vou" and "vou're another." do not seem quite right somehow, and "how d'ye do," is absent and awkward. "Don't mention it," may suit a book agent or a ticket porter, but we want something better for holiday use. "Not at all" seems to imply that the thankist is a liar. Perhaps the tiny; but when she stoops to triffe best thing under the circumstances is to grin gracefully and change

ILL TEMPER .- A person of sour, sullen temper-what a dreadful thing it is to have such a one in a house! There is not myrrh you see was unworthy the offering. and aloes and chloride of lime enough in the world to disinfect Bob, he would say, with that winning a single home of such a nuisance smile lighting up his handsome face, as that; no riches, elegance of she is my Alpine rose which I have and they fight on until the last mein, no beauty of face, can ever | scaled the giddy glaciers to cull, and | flickering spark of life goes out, screen such persons from vulgari- I wear it as my proudest laurel. But when Truth puts its enemy to ty. Ill temper is the vulgarist the end soon came. 'Twas a fair flight, and the spirit of the just thing that the lowest born and ill- June night, and a young moon's tenest bred can ever bring to his der light hung its silver mist o'er home. It is one of the worst forms earth and sea. I had gone down to of impiety. Peevishness in a home | the shore to watch the tide go out, is not only a sin against the Holy and hear, like little "Paul", what the Ghost, but against the Holy Ghost in the very temple of love. Love is a secondary passion in

sent to Mr. Ingham on the 26th of January, 1737, to the associa-'The carriage is ready, ladies. tion of the Rev. Dr. Bray in Lon. has the most civility for others.

FOR THE HERALD. A Leaf from the Gallery of Memory.

BY MAGGIE.

The golden glory of an October sunset lingers lovingly o'er the distant hilltops, pierces with its glittering shafts the placid bosom of the little streamlet beyond, dotted with the evening he instructs the larger early fallen leaves, and rests as if in benediction on the stately spires of loved were telling on the delicate I catechise them all. The same you little church. Kenneth's church, so I always called it for he preached his first, aye and last sermon, there in "This was certainly a prototype | that little ivy crowned church. What We were boys together, Kenneth and "The next instance which came I, together we left the white cliffs of to my knowledge prior to the time Albion, together we explored the of Raikes is the Sabbath school snow clad regions of our Canadian established about the year 1760, home. Students together, graduated in the little hamlet of Walbach, in | together, and together turned our faces the Boude la Roche, among the southward to preach the glad tidings mountains bordering on the Ger- strangers in a strange land. Friends man States, in the northeast part from boyhood, circumstances drew the of France. This Sunday school bonds still closer, till our love for each I think he is splendid,' answered Mrs. Glennor, I am very glad to originated in the benevolent labors other was like unto that of David and sermon. Kenneth was always elowelcome you to Hamilton. I love of the Rev. Mr. Stouber, a Luther- Jonathan. I seem to see him to-night quent, but to day 'twas as if his heart just as he used to stand in our little had been touched with the fire of inroom, leaning in his own careless grace spiration. Earth seemed afar and against the mantle, one arm resting | Heaven so very near that angels thereon, looking out into the distance with that for off, wistful expression in his wondrous eyes. Then sweeping back the dark curling hair from his neth? No, Bob, only tired. And broad white brow, he would lay that so the day passed on. Kenneth in delicate womanly hand of his on my answer to all inquiries would only say shoulder in his gentle, caressing way so tired. Near sunset he called me. and say, we will strive Bob, to make Put your arms around me. Bob. just ourselves worthy of this our great life | as you used to do in the old bovish the matured judgment which years have brought me. I see you were far

with the affection of man, made in the

even God himself can scarce be pitiful.

Poor Kenneth, his infatuation was

complete. Every laurel, and they

were many, won by his rare genius,

wild waves were saying. Thought

sped far o'er the dim waters to my

Canadian home, to the little boat

which lay anchored by the margin of

the silver lake, and I was sighing for

the Lakeland far away. A step drew

near. 'Twas Kenneth. A moment

more and the hand came down on my

shoulder in its old caressing way. I

knew he was in trouble, for that was

work. Ah, Kenneth! I always knew days. With what unspeakable tenyou were a great man, and yet looking | derness I folded my arms around him back through the lapse of years with and pressed the dear head to my breast with a heart too full for utterance. Dear, true, Bob, brave heart, greater than your loving, trusting which ever beat in love for me. Don't, friend, ever dreamed. A man endowed Kenneth, we are all the world to each with rare beauty and still rarer genius, other; don't, don't leave me. and with a heart worthy of both was my | tears which I had so long struggled to friend Kenneth Forbes, but born of a keep back would fall despite me consumptive family he was possessed Hush, Bob, you must not grieve for of an inherent delicacy which little me, death is the fair, sweet summer fitted him to stem the rough current | morning for which I have long sighed. and you must go on, Bob, with my How often when sermonizing I work and yours, till the Master says would rack my brain for an idea, while | up higher. Now pet me, Bob, just as his pen would glide rapidly on, scat- you would a tired child. And as I tering golden-linked pearls of thought softly stroked the dark curling hair with as much ease and rapidity as a the old light came back to the beautiflower dispels its gems of dew. And ful eyes, the old winning smile hoverthis man of rare genius; added to his ed on the handsome mouth, and Kenunequaled personal attractions, with a neth went home, bearing golden heart as noble and pure as one of God's sheaves to lay down at the Saviour's angels, loved a fair, fickle woman, who feet. Just beyond in that quiet city counted her conquests as a savage of the dead a marble shaft bears the warrior does her scalps. How I strove | inscription, Kenneth Forbes, Devon, England, aged 21. The sunset has by every art to weaken the syren's chain, but all in vaiu. Once, just faded, every golden gleam has vanishonce I dared remonstrate with him. ed, while the hilltops and valley, the Strong in all else he was a child in silver streamlet, the marble shaft, me, and the little church, all are wrapped this, not one doubt of her love could I make him believe; loyal as a king himself he believed her to be a true Williamston, S. C. fulfillment of pure, beautiful womanhood, which when a woman does fulfill she could ask of God no higher des-

TRUTH AND ERROR .- There are only two powerful influences at work in the world; and these two influences are Truth and Error. They are essentially different, as image of his Creator, to such we think different as light and darkness, -and we cannot compound them. They are ever found in the deadliest conflict. When one unfurls its banner, the other must fight was laid at her feet, and the shrine or leave the field. We find these two powers always at war in every true man's breast, passes into the presence of an everlasting Truth.

A beautiful smile is to the female countenance what the sunbeam is to the landscape-it embellishes an inferior face and redeems an ugly one.

Memory can glean, but can never renew. It brings us joys faint as is the perfume of the flowers, faded and dried of the summer

Justice came from God's wisalways his way. What is it, Ken- dom, but mercy from his love; neth? My dream is over, Bob, my therefore, as thou hast not his The wisest of men is he who Alpine rose is dead. And then I wisdom, be pitiful, to merit his afknew the end had come, she had beeu 'fection.

\$1.00 per square (one inch) for first insertion and 75 cents for each subsequent insertion. Double column advertisements ten per cent.

ADVERTISING

Notices of meetings, obituaries and tributes of respect, same rates per square as ordinary

Advertisements inserted at the rate of

RATES.

Special Notices in Local column 15 cents

Advertisements not marked with the nun. and charged accordingly. Special contracts made with large adver-

JOB. PRINTING

tisers, with liberal deductions on above rates.

DONE WITH NEATNESS AND DISPATCH TERMS CASH.

amused sufficiently and my poor friend

had been the toy of which when tired

she had thrown aside with the same

heartlessness she would have discarded

a faded flower. From that fair June

night we never alluded to the bitter

subject. We studied and worked to-

gether, but the joyous light never

came back to the handsome face of my

friend. The exposure to which we

were subjected, the heavy blow which

had been dealt him by a hand so well

frame, and I who knew him so well

saw that the hour of parting would

soon come. More than a year sped

by, and October with its sighing winds

and falling leaves had come. The

Sabbath dawned grandly beautiful,

and the silvery chimes of Sabbath

bells broke the solemn stillness as

Kenneth and I walked down the rug-

ged hillside to you same little church

and entered for the last time its well

remembered pulpit. A large and

reverent congregation gathered, for

the hearts of the people turned to

their beloved preacher like flowers to

the sun. Kenneth was more like the

Kenneth of old, and as he rose to

preach, grasped my hand and whis-

pered, Bob, pray for me. An answer-

ing pressure of the hand, and he rose

and read in his own low musical voice

the solemn text, "We all do fade as a

leaf." Never, never can I forget that

seemed to stoop and say, Benedicite.

When we neared home I observed an

unusual pallor on his face. Sick, Ken-